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It was the time of earth's first bloom—a day
Ere man was made the image of his God—
A seraph flew from Heaven's dome, they say,
And dazzling stood upon this sacred sod.

The dew-drops sparkled on the ruby rose;
The song bird warbled in his native wild;
The calm, sweet morn, just risen from repose,
Rubescant was and laughing as a child.

The bee with honied load was on the wing;
The air breathed incense to the Lord of all,
And choirs invisible of Nature sing
Sweet praise to Him—the Father of us all.

Enrapt the seraph stood awhile amazed,
Then glided on in majesty serene,
And oft to Heaven's blue his bright eyes raised,
And lightly prest his feet the velvet green.

Through all earth's verdant fields a flower he sought,
With love before the Great White Throne to lay;
A pure white bloom to bear unto that Thought,
Whom earth and sun and moon and stars obey.

Rich was the color and the perfume sweet
Of those earth stars the seeking angel spied;
He took them not, but sought with speeding feet,
A pure white flower—the boon his search denied.

Upon a crystal rock he rests at last,
While down his pearly robe the tear drops flow,
Like brilliants flashing, and now falling fast,
The sparkling gems but kiss the soil, when, lo!

There sprang from fruitful earth, so wondrous white,
A lily, and the angel took straightway,
With joyous bursts of song, that blossom bright;
Flew straight to God on high, and kneeling lay

Down at his Master's feet the precious flower;
Who, seeing that fair, stainless star of earth,
Thus to His faithful servant spoke: "This flower,
Here plant; here shall it grow until that hour
When looking down in pity on a world
Of sin and misery from hence shall I
Send you unto a poor and humble cot.
Then bearing hence this bloom shall you hail her—
'Man's tainted nature's solitary boast—
With full of grace, the Lord abides with thee!'
And when from her pure lips the accents fall,
For joy the earth shall leap and midnight hell,
In all its corners dark and grim, shall quake.—
'The handmaid of the Lord am I, to me
As is Thy holy will may it be done'—
Then by her side place thou this lily white,
And where her sacred feet shall press the sod,
There shall this bloom of snow lift up its head
To show where she once trod the earth."

H. A. HOLDEN, '91.

My First Case.

BY H. P. BRELFSFORD, '91.



"briefless barrister" is proverbially an unhappy man; and I was no exception to the rule as I sat in my cheerless office that morning in March. I was pensively smoking my pipe—poor, struggling young attorneys rarely indulge in the luxury of cigars,—and was gazing through the grimy window into the back street on which my palatial suite of office rooms fronted. My palatial suite consisted of a 10x12 room and a closet in which I kept my coal hod. There was nothing particularly inspiring in the prospect before me; nothing but a muddy back alley through which the blustering wind was driving the half sleet, half snow that fell in an aimless, discontented way.

The alley was deserted with the exception of a forlorn-looking kitten that nestled on the other side of the street under the scant protection of its emaciated tail. Somehow or other, the piteous wails of the poor thing found a ready response in my own heart that day. I fancied a sort of resemblance in the condition of the vagrant kitten and myself—not that I mean to say that there is anything especially kittenish in lawyers, as they usually go, but then the forsaken kitten was evidently unhappy and pessimistic, and so was I; and the kitten was apparently friendless and homeless, and that served to remind me of certain dire threats of my landlady.

Three months ago I had hung out my shingle in Chicago with my head full of "Cooley on Torts" and "Parsons on Contracts," and had felt myself fully equipped for a legal fisticuff with any of the heavy-weights of the Chicago bar. I wanted only an opportunity. But three months had gone by, and as yet my longed-for opportunity had not come. I had faithfully followed all the rules recommended for inducting impecunious young lawyers into paying practices; I had joined a prominent club and had assiduously haunted the courts; but still no clients.

My funds were getting low, and the slow recognition of my legal abilities had somewhat weakened my own faith in them, and altogether things were growing desperately bad.

But while I sat there considering suicide and other pleasant terminations of my troubles, the postman dropped a letter in my door box that was destined to arouse me from my idle despondency and to provide me with my first case. The letter or, more properly the note, ran thus:

"MR. FRED. S. STANHOPE,

"Room 28, — Block, Chicago:

"Come to me at once. Am in trouble. You will find me at the East Chicago Avenue police station.

"TRAINOR, '75."

You may understand the surprise with which I read this when I tell you that only four years before I had bidden Trainor good-bye on board a Cunard steamer, upon the eve of his departure for an extended tour abroad.

Charlie Trainor was an orphan, and wealthy in his own right. He was a stalwart young athlete, and when I knew him his yellow curls clustered about a frank and handsome face, whose only defect was its mouth that indicated a character a trifle weak, perhaps. We had been classmates at college and, more than that, intimate friends. I had not heard from him for several years, and was at a loss to know what could be the occasion of his detention at the police station.

Four years before his prospects were of the rosiest hue: wealth, good health and talent, what more could be asked for? What could he have in common with crime? Such were the thoughts that perplexed me as I hastened to fulfil my friend's urgent request; and before I reached Chicago Avenue, I had about convinced myself that it must all be a huge mistake. So thoroughly did I believe this that when the grim policeman threw open the cell door with the guttural admonition of "Only thirty minutes, sir," I was prepared to find some one within whom I had never seen before. But, alas! there was no mistake: it was Charlie Trainor, but not the Charlie Trainor I once knew. The blue eyes, once so frank and cheery, had now a shifting, hunted look, and almost gaunt his features seemed beneath the mass of curls that hung in tangled profusion about his face. This unkempt, shabbily-clad creature the once scrupulous Trainor! I could hardly believe it. But the voice was his, the same mellow voice, only it had a plaintive cadence that was new to me.

"Thank God, Fred, you have come!" he exclaimed, as the cell door clanged behind me.

"And Heaven forbid I should find you in such

a plight as this," I answered; "Charlie, why are you here, and what do they accuse you of?"

"I don't know why I am here, I am innocent; that is, I know why I am here; but, Fred, I am innocent," he replied, incoherently.

A suspicion shot across my mind—was my old-time friend insane? "Come, tell me all about it," I said, sitting down upon the side of the narrow cot and striving to appear calm.

He paused in his restless pacing up and down the cell, and, seeming to collect himself with an effort, began his story.

When the *Olympia* steamed out of New York harbor on that bright August day in the summer of 1875, with Charlie Trainor on board, it had seemed to all his friends that his lot was a most happy one, and his future peculiarly promising. He seemed as far removed from trouble or unhappiness as did the blue vault of the cloudless heavens from the bluer depths of old ocean beneath them.

Three weeks later he was eating a luxuriously late breakfast in his rooms at his London hotel when a card was brought up to him bearing the name of Juan Velasco. Although Juan Velasco is unknown to the reader yet, perhaps, he was very well known both to Trainor and myself, for he had been a classmate of us both.

Velasco was a Cuban by birth, and his features betrayed his ancestry. He was swarthy and lithe and of medium height, with a face redeemed from plainness only by a pair of peculiarly piercing, large black eyes. He was of a morose, sombre nature, and had never been popular at the university; but he was a brilliant, though erratic student, and had pushed Trainor close for class honors. We at the college never doubted that Velasco had conceived a jealous dislike for Trainor, and in our last year there an incident occurred that kindled this dislike into a bitter hatred that the Cuban cherished with all the intensity of his fervid, Southern nature. Trainor had been a notorious gallant at college, and had succeeded in coming between Velasco and a daughter of one of the professors to whom he was engaged. Velasco was discarded by his *fiancée* who was afterward, as it happened, thrown over by Trainor himself as some other face caught his fickle fancy. Velasco took no pains to conceal his bitter resentment toward Trainor, and some of us who saw the vengeful gleam that glittered in his eyes as he spoke of the latter, feared that serious consequences would follow. But the year had rounded out without any serious trouble result-

ing, and it was generally thought that the Cuban's hatred had burned itself out.

A recollection of the past unpleasantness between them occurred to Trainor, as he gave orders to admit his caller, but with careless good nature he was prepared to forget it all in the unexpected pleasure of meeting a classmate. Velasco was shown in, and came forward in a nervous, slouching way that contrasted strangely with the cheery, open greeting of Trainor. It appeared that Velasco was in reduced circumstances, and had sought the interview, not so much to renew former acquaintance as to offer himself as a candidate for the position of travelling companion and interpreter, knowing that Trainor had advertised for such a person. He was accepted. They got along very well together, for Trainor was of an amiable disposition, and Velasco almost servilely obsequious. At times, however, Trainor would notice the Cuban observing him with a penetrating gaze, and when the latter met Trainor's eye he would turn away with a sardonic, almost ghastly smile.

While Trainor and his companion were wandering from place to place, tarrying wherever inclination bade them stay, the former became conscious of a strange and unaccountable disorder that lately afflicted him. Although by nature and education a man of honorable instincts and pure morals, yet of late Charlie occasionally felt the impulse of the most violent passions and evil purposes. He would sometimes feel suddenly impelled to assault viciously those with whom he was on terms of the greatest friendliness. His actions were unaccountable even to himself. Could it be a strange dementia had fastened upon him? He knew of no hereditary tendency, nor had he ever before been thus afflicted.

But if he were not indeed insane, he bid fair soon to become mad through worry and anxiety. He regarded himself with distrust and suspicion, and Velasco, as well as the chance acquaintances they made, apparently shared this feeling. For two years he fled from capital to capital in a futile attempt to shake off the mysterious malady that affected him so strangely. His health began to fail beneath the strain, and, sick in body and mind, he decided to return to New York, hoping to regain his mental and physical health amidst former friends and familiar scenes. Vain hope! He became vaguely distrustful of Velasco, though he knew not why. His New York friends were firmly convinced of his insanity, and indeed his actions indicated as much. Finally, acting on a hint from Velasco, they decided to secure his commitment to a private

hospital as the world indulgently terms aristocratic insane asylums. Trainor discovered their purpose, and in order to escape from the well-intended persecution of his friends he fled to Chicago.

But fate, in the guise of the strange power that dominated him, followed him there. For several months he suffered no recurrence of his malady, if such it was, and he began almost to hope himself free from its baneful sway.

One evening, as he was leaving the Tremont House, he met Velasco almost face to face on Dearborn street. The Cuban regarded him for a moment, and then without a word passed on with that weird smile on his face that had so often perplexed Trainor during their intimacy. Trainor felt a strange disquiet. He had come almost to fancy some subtle connection between the Cuban and his mysterious affliction.

He had crossed the river and was walking along Dearborn street, near Ohio, when all of a sudden he seemed to lose his very identity. A maddening and irresistible impulse to attack and rob an old man who had just turned the corner took possession of him. In a moment Trainor had rushed upon him, beaten him over the head with his loaded cane, and was in the act of tearing his watch from his pocket when a patrolman, attracted by the old man's cries, rushed up and placed Trainor under arrest. He was taken to the East Chicago Avenue station, and had sent for me as before related.

Such, briefly told, was the rambling and disconnected story that my friend told me at our interview. I hardly knew what to make of his story. He said that he was not insane, yet he acted most strangely like one afflicted with some sort of mania. I hardly knew on what grounds to base my defense of him; for the old man was perhaps fatally injured and, while Trainor confessed the assault, he was able to give no plausible palliation of it. The old man died, and when Trainor's case came on trial, he was accused not only of robbery, but of murder. Of course, I put forward the insanity plea, and offered any amount of expert testimony—for that sort of thing comes cheap in Chicago. But as the trial advanced I could not but admit that things looked dark for my client; and when the judge began to read his instructions and I found that they strongly favored the prosecution, I had about abandoned hope. While the judge was in the midst of his reading, my office boy pushed his way through the crowd and handed me a letter. Hastily reading it, I leaped to my feet, and amidst a chorus of objec-

tions begged leave of the court to introduce new and important evidence. I handed the letter to the judge, it read as follows:

"MR. FRED S. STANHOPE,

"Room 28, — Clark st., Chicago:

"By request of him who but a few hours ago received the Last Sacraments from my hands, I write this to you hoping it may reach you in time to stay the execution of an unjust sentence.

"Three days ago I was called to the bed-side of a stranger seriously injured in a railroad accident. Finding himself near death, the stranger gave his name as Juan Velasco, and dictated the confession which I enclose, duly attested before a magistrate.

"Yours,

"THOMAS J. CONAHAN,

"Pastor St. Patrick's Church, —, Miss."

The substance of the confession enclosed was this: Velasco, for reasons the reader already knows, had come to hate Trainor while at college with all the bitter intensity of his race. Leaving college, he devoted his life to the working out of a revenge upon the object of his hatred. He brooded over the matter till vengeance became the very mainspring of his existence, and he set about his purpose with almost fiendish art.

The Cuban had all his life been an earnest student of the occult sciences, and of hypnotism in particular. By reason of a natural gift, highly cultivated, he became a most skilful mesmerist, and he was able to dominate the will of certain persons of a peculiar temperament. By chance he discovered that Charlie Trainor was easily susceptible to this influence, and he resolved by this means to expiate the injuries he fancied he had received at Trainor's hands.

Their meeting in London was part of a deeply laid plot. Posing as Trainor's intimate, Velasco harassed him with this mysterious influence during their entire stay in Europe. He might have killed Trainor, but he chose rather to torture him by degrees, by forcing him to do that against which he knew Trainor's very soul revolted. Like the savage who protracts the agonies of a captive, following the behest of his barbaric cruelty, so did the malignant Cuban prefer to see his victim writhing with long-drawn torment in the clutches of a fearful and mysterious power. This hypnotic influence was the source of all Trainor's strange actions, and Velasco confessed that, in truth, he himself, not Trainor, was the assailant of the old man. Need I say that my client was acquitted?



Mary Queen of Scots and the Earl of Leicester.



BY
J. E. BERRY, '91.

SCENE—(*Oratory of Mary in the Castle of Fotheringay; windy night nautumn; several ladies attending; enter the Earl of Leicester, wrapped in a cloak.*)

EARL. (Aside.)
She prays to God, but prayers to Him are vain;
My hand alone from England's clutch can save
Her haloed head of gold and noble heart;
The Scottish crown upon my brow must rest,
And yonder saint shall be my queen for life;
I must succeed, or London's lopping axe,
Will cut the curls on Leicester's plotting head.

MARY. (Praying.)
My Lord and God, sustain me in my hour
Of trial; defend me with Thy holy grace—
(She hears Leicester's step: she starts.)
EARL. Fair Mary, cease thy prayers; thou
hast no hope
Of help from God or England's Queen; thy star
Of fate is hid by hatred's blackened cloud;
Thy sun is set in yonder court; thy word
Can make it rise; to save thyself thou must—

MARY. Is not thy queen reminded of my oath?
Why torture me again with vows of naught
That unto dust return before the throne
Of Truth; like April clouds, they are but mist
That drive before the royal wind and rest
Nowhere. I sought no wrong, and yet through
false

And treacherous words I left my land to find
A prison cell in English hearts; is this
The fire that burns within thy noble breast?
Is this the sacred bond of love that used
In England's brave be reverenced next to God?
A captive's life I lead, and tell me why?
Because, forsooth, I love my God. Take back
To her, thy queen, my parting word. My Faith
I keep, I ne'er shall speak against my God
For love from England's Queen or Scotland's
Crown.

My Faith is life in yonder Heaven above;
My hope is God. Thou'st heard my words; no
fear
Of death will make me e'er repent; upon
The book of life, before the throne of Christ,

My oath is writ. I've done, and now, farewell.

EARL. But I've not done.

MARY. The night is far advanced;
I'll hear no more. My ladies, let us go.

EARL. I will be heard.

MARY. Who art thou sent to me?

EARL. I am the Earl of Leicester, come to
speak
With Scotland's Queen.

MARY. The Earl!—who sent thee here
This shrieking night to tear this heart of mine?
Thou hast no right, for she has said thee nay,
And loves thee well!

EARL. I stole from her to plead
With thee.

MARY. Who sent thee then?

EARL. My heart.

MARY. Begone!

I will no more, thou hast no right from her;
Thou must return, or missing thee, she'll call
Thee traitor, for thou art forbid my cell,
And yonder guard will seize thee if he see
Thy face.

EARL. Fear not for me.

MARY. Thou must go hence,
For I should seek my couch and turn from man
To God, Farewell!

EARL. Fair Mary, stay!

MARY. Farewell!

EARL. I will be heard.

MARY. Wilt thou begone, or shall
The Guard escort thee to thy queen?

EARL. I stay.

MARY. What! seek thy ruin? Depart; go, go!

EARL. I'll stay

Until you've heard my words.

MARY. What brings thee here?

EARL. My heart, my footsteps from my dot-
ing queen

Did guide me to thy room. I came from none,
My mission is my own. Wilt hear me now?

MARY. Go on, and let thy tongue be quick.

EARL. 'Tis well!

The lamb is threatened by the wolf, and yon
Rude knife that laps the blood of England's
life

Is waiting for thy jewelled head. Bend low
Thy ear and hark, nor stop me not, but let
Me run my hasty course. Thou seest me here
When yonder queen has kept me from thy feet.
With bonds of love and winning smiles. I do
Not care for trifles such nor royal grace.

Now list! If thou thy precious life didst prize
Thou must be quick and answer short. Dost hear
The doleful wailing of the winds, that surge
And sigh amid the paling limes? They were
My friends this darkling night and drowned my
steps

Upon the autumn beds, the music of
A glittering court could hold me not; from yon
Fair queen I stole, and changing perfumes sweet
For dead leaves scent, and soothing strains for
wail

Of melancholy blasts, I flew to thee.
I scaled the moat by ladder safely wrought

With linkéd hopes from pure love's forge. I crossed
The hand of yonder grinning hound with gold
'Twill soften much and open all. I sought
Thy room and here I am. Come, save thyself
And flee.

MARY. With whom, and when?

EARL. At once, with me.

Fair Mary, list: I love thee well, and speak
My heart I must; thy face alone my dreams
Enthrone; no love of heart e'er beat or lived
With stronger throb than mine; the softest
breeze

Of spring but fans its soothing flame; 'tis thee
I love; thy life alone I long to save;
Thou art my hope my life to be. I kneel
To thee and beg thy hand; to plead with thee
I fled from royal love; the storm was naught
To hold my anxious haste or stay my heart:
I feigned a love for yonder doting queen,
I've played her false, but all for thee; my love
Has made me bold; thou'st heard my tale, I love
Thee, Mary, strong and true; come, be my queen,
And love will guide our steps to fly from hence.
And then regain thy true and faithful knights,
Come, time is short, thy answer quick, I'll leave
Thee not till yes thy answer be.

MARY. Begone!

Art thou a man endowed with noble gifts?
Or art thou one a monster, born to serve
Thy baser tastes? a player with the hearts
Of queens, the barter of an idle hour,
The mockery of truth, the basest trade
Of man? Art thou the boast of England's
knights

That kneels with words of love upon thy lips,
Which are but lies distilled from human heart?
Dost think to triumph over women's hearts
Because thou art a man? If all were cast
From thy same mould, I would not trust their
oath

Much less their vows of love. Doest think to awe
Me with thy haughty glance that shrinks before
An honest gaze? Dost think that I am but
A willow twig to bend unto thy power
And slavish will? Because thou art a man,
And with it base and false, thou thinkst that we
Of woman's clay are like to thee in heart—
That we are naught but sinful dirt that hold
Our loves to play with hearts of honest men;
That we are false, belying ribs of man?

But know, thou base and cowering worm, thou
false,

Inhuman wretch, that men like thee have our
Contempt; we spurn thee from our feet; we hate
The air that brings thy whispered breath; our
hearts

Are pure, our souls are lifted high above
The earth on which a worm like thee art doomed
To crawl—think not to make me shrink before
Thy traitor's eye, its glance is dimmed with hate
For what is pure. The love of womankind
Is like a soft and soothing breath that fans
The fevered brow of life; its holy touch
Has been a boon from Heaven unto the men

Of earth in blessing sent; its gentle balm
Has sought the heart of stone, and unto tears
Has turned its frozen core; the wounds of life
Have felt its healing touch, and souls of sin
Have unto light returned and blessed its strength.
The worth of woman's love has proved itself
In hours of trial and sore distress; it binds
With sacred ties the soul of man to God;
It sanctifies whate'er its holy flame
Has lit. This blessed boon has proved a staff
Upon whose strength the weary rest, and seek
Repose within a woman's heart. Its truth
Has never failed when called in time of need.
The virtues of a woman's life are stars
That shine in darkened ways and guide with
pure

And never-failing truth the footstep of
A tried and wayworn man—and thou, a wretch,
In kingly robes dost seek to trade thy lies
For love from heart of mine? Thy heart is black
With sins before thy God and man. Dost think
To hide behind thy robe of gold and rose
The blackened mask from Satan's hands? Thou
love?

No true and holy flame could live in heart
Of thine, a traitor to his queen—

EARL. I bid

Thee hush—

MARY. Who bids me hush? Now, Leicester list:
A traitor to his queen and God will prove
A traitor to his love; I'll hear no more
From thee; my heart is now my God's; I'll wed
No spouse but Him, so now begone! I hate
Thy lying face; thy heart is false, thy soul
Is dead. I bid thee, traitor, go!

EARL. No more,

Or, by the God that rules the will of man,
I'll steal from yonder block its cursed jewel,
And give thy fair and tapering neck a taste
Of Leicester's steel.

MARY. 'Tis worthy of thy heart
To strike a woman down. *Strike thou a queen?*
One single word from thee and yonder bell
Shall ring thee to the block. To Thee, my God,
I offer up my life.

EARL. Thou victim of
My wrath, farewell!

(*Exit Earl. Mary falls in tears before the altar
and then is assisted from the oratory by her maids.*)

Foibles of College Boys.

BY C. T. CAVANAGH, '91.

Somebody, whose knowledge of human nature evidently eclipsed his reputation, has said that "it takes all kinds of people to make up a world;" and it requires no acute observation for any one to verify the statement from experience. It is particularly applicable, however, to college students, whose eccentricities and habits are always a source of wonder or amusement to the outside world. This may be be-

cause university men represent, in one body, classes of people differing widely in temperament; or it may be accounted for by the independence and enterprise so characteristic of the American youth. But in either case the fact remains that in this respect a college community is a "pocket edition" of the world itself.

The field offered to the student of character is unlimited. There he has a chance to observe the typical American—for who is as American in sentiment as a college boy?—in every phase. The wild, reckless youth from the West, the sociable, good-natured fellow from the South, the cynical, sarcastic chap from the East, the retiring, but energetic specimen from the North—all are interesting and can be studied at leisure. Then there are the habits acquired from their present surroundings: the craze for athletics, the love for music, the passions for societies and organizations, and other foibles, not quite so universal, but, in some cases, even more amusing. These are the principal characteristics of a collegian, and as such they are deserving of more than passing notice.

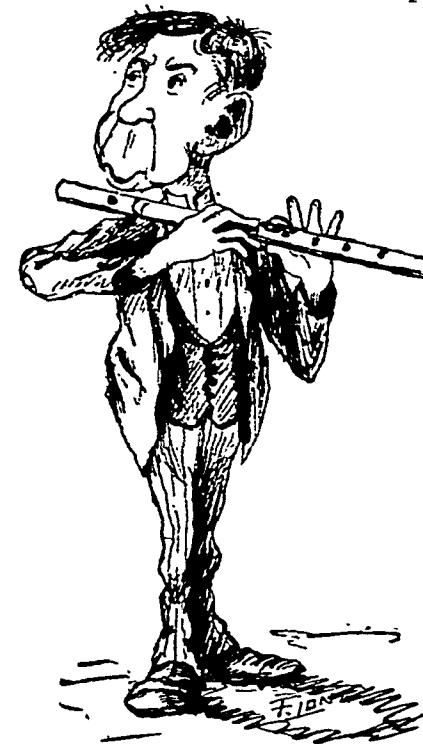
Perhaps the most prominent character among university circles is the athletic fiend, who is sometimes represented as the typical college boy. In this country he devotes himself almost exclusively to base-ball, and consequently is compelled to hiber-

nate during the colder seasons of the year. At all times, however, he is enthusiastic over his hobby. It forms the subject of his conversations by day and his dreams at night; he surrounds himself with all the paraphernalia of a professional, and his rooms contain little besides catching gloves, sliding pads, chest protectors, arm supports, and other well-known devices destined to give him some chance for his life while playing. His personal appearance proclaims his passion; his fingers are twisted and broken, his hands are wonderfully distorted, and his damaged countenance demonstrates the folly of misjudging a "fly." Upon the earliest approach of spring he begins his preparations for the season by investing in every book that in any way pertains to base-ball, and by adding

to his armor all the contrivances he has by chance overlooked in previous years. Then, when the weather permits, he decides to "train," and, O horrors! how he maltreats himself! He declares that he needs "wind"—probably for coaching purposes—and to get the desired article he takes a run of several miles every day. This exercise naturally produces an enormous appetite; but the athlete wisely informs his friends that he cannot eat as it would make him stout, so he proceeds to starve himself in the most approved style. After several weeks of this work he may conclude that he is "in condition"; but if not, he continues to abuse himself until he is satisfied. If this sort of treatment has not made him a physical wreck, he enters the arena prepared to battle for glory and accumulate more scars.

If the base-ballist has gained a prominent position in college circles he deserves it, as his efforts are untiring. He never loses the passion for playing. Sprained ankles and other inconveniences only serve as a stimulus, and actual death is necessary to drive him from the field.

The musical genius is also an important factor in the college world, and, like the base-ballist, is wonderfully enthusiastic and persevering. As a general thing, he takes quarters in a district where admirers of music are few and far between; and, as an equally general thing, he soon discovers this fact. His neighbors are either men of studious habits who cannot tolerate a disturbance, or uncultivated barbarians to whom all music is torture. Happily unconscious of this, however, the individual of musical tastes pitches his tent and prepares to circulate "charms that soothe the savage breast." The effect is as terrible as it was unexpected. The savage breasts refuse to be soothed under any consideration, and enter a vigorous protest. In a body they visit the newcomer, and kindly advise him to destroy his instruments, or turn his thoughts into some other channel, in the meantime hinting of former cases where the crime had become historical on account of the fate of the offender. In the majority of cases this move effects a temporary relief;



but the talented musician soon recovers, and seeks consolation by again courting the Muses. Another committee waits upon the disturber of the public peace, and the admonitions of the first are repeated with emphasis. If this has not the desired effect, the sufferers are obliged to retire and leave the field to the disciple of Orpheus. Then the torments of Hades are represented upon earth. The piercing shriek of the flute is followed by the blasts of the cornet and the moaning of the violin; the so-called popular airs are distributed with unmerciful recklessness. From morning until evening the bard lets himself loose in song and melody. Nor are his attacks limited to the day-time. In the still hours of night, when sleep is occupying the undivided attention of his fellowmen, it is no uncommon thing for this arch-fiend to turn on some unearthly noise. Even in the quiet hours of the morning he seems to think it one of his duties to greet the rising sun with some long-forgotten air on an instrument from which music has long departed. Such little concerts are always pleasing. They continue until the endurance of his unwilling audience has been exhausted, and then, when a coffin is removed from the building, they breathe a sigh of relief—the musical genius has gone.

Another character who never fails to make an impression upon the unfortunate being who



may happen to fall into his clutches is known as the "society man." His failing is a harmless one, but he should be carefully avoided at all times. He belongs to every organization, political, religious, athletic, or literary, to which he is eligible; and to them he devotes his entire time and attention. Hoping to enlighten his

fellow-members on every subject, he always makes it a point to harangue them when the opportunity presents itself; and as his oratorical powers could well bear cultivation, it is no wonder that he soon holds a prominent place in the category of bores. His efforts to elevate the societies of which he is a member are remarkable. He assumes, unasked, the most arduous tasks, and succeeds in making a startling failure of all his undertakings. He concludes that this society needs reformation, and he starts in to improve its condition. He makes elaborate plans, executes each and every one of them, and—the society goes to pieces. He declares that some other society needs more members, and he cheerfully proceeds to get them. Within a week the society is a thing of the past. When a new student arrives the society man is the first to approach him. He button-holes him for hours, and in eloquent terms extols the virtues of the local literary society, and assures him that success in life depends upon his standing in a reputable association. The poor victim has two courses left open to him: he may join the society or go home. And of the two the latter is preferable; for if he succumbs easily to the first assault he will be expected to join every united body in the college.

The society man will always be a satellite in the college world, but he will never be a luminary. The standing of his society, combined with his own energetic efforts, makes him prominent, but it is only as an object of ridicule. He aspires to the highest possible positions: he studies law, will enter politics, go to Congress, and the Presidency is not at all out of the question. In fact, he expects to reach it long before his death, and he will succeed if joining societies could be instrumental in placing him in the chair.

These three personages are of no small importance in a university; but there is another who, for audacity, presumption and unalloyed egotism, eclipses everything that ever held a permanent place in the ranks of men. He is known as "the man who owns the place," and never was a title more appropriate. By his actions one would think he not only owns the place, but also has an option on the earth, holds two or three mortgages on the moon, and possesses a controlling interest in the universe. His ideas are confined to thoughts upon his own greatness, and his conversations are simply narrations of his exploits. His manners are pompous and overbearing, and his appearance is in conformity with his nature. This peculiar disease, technically known as "the swelled head," grows upon him swiftly but imperceptibly.

He may have at one time been free from its influence, but through some unfortunate event he was caught in its toils, and once in, he may as well give up all hope of recovery, as the only cure is to convince himself that he is not the greatest specimen of his class who by some mistake was left out of the angelic community. The opinions of this gentleman are remarkable. In the first place, he is the embodiment of all that is great and illustrious. He is destined to control all men, and the rest of mankind were made to assist him in fulfilling his destiny. His neighbors are supposed to look upon him as a marvellous being whom a kind Providence has placed on earth as a model. His word is always law; the learning and investigations of eighteen centuries are false when not in conformity with his dictum. In a word, he can predict with certainty that the day he dies, the universe will collapse. He goes to college to see that it is managed properly—what need has he of an education? If he uses all his adventures in talk he is by no means at a loss for more. No: here is where he displays his remarkable abilities. If facts are exhausted fiction is available, and with unblushing temerity he invents anecdotes at which Baron Munchausen would marvel. He piles relations upon relations, dollars upon dollars, and imaginary adventures upon Utopian schemes and the result is the history of his life. His career at college is a quiet one, until he meets some ignorant fellow who will not tolerate his opinions of himself, and after the debate the man of so many possessions is a muchly battered individual. He resuscitates, however, and continues as before. Sooner or later some other gentleman with similar ideas, but more imagination, appears upon the scene, and in a few days our friend sinks into oblivion. It is the rise and fall of conceit.

Such are the characters whom we meet in any university. They will be recognized by everyone who remembers the days of his youth. Never did history repeat itself more faithfully. The boy of the present is practically the same as those before him, and those of the future will be as foolish and as enterprising as the boys who are now hoping to make a success of that period of life known as college days.



Books and Periodicals.

THE BELL OF ST. PAUL'S. A Novel by Walter Besant. New York: Harper & Bros., Publishers. 1889.

The style which characterizes this late work of a well-known and popular writer is simple, strong and at times picturesque; it is a style peculiarly Mr. Besant's. Sometimes, when he wanders into periodical sentences, he becomes heavy, but it is only once in a while. His phase of life in this novel is a balance between absolute poverty and consummate wealth; his characters are well drawn, interesting and decidedly true. The plot is not deep, but is well worked, beginning in the most abject poverty and ending, as all stories should, in the happiness of the hero and heroine and the total disgrace of the villain. Mr. Besant has a wonderful way of showing his characters in their true colors.

—*The Century* for April is remarkable for the variety of its contents. Two of Mr. Cole's charming artistic engravings accompany a paper on Giovanni Bellini, by Mr. W. J. Stillman, in the series on Italian Old Masters. One of these engravings is printed as a frontispiece, and the conductors of the magazine claim that American wood-engraving has never before been put to such important use as in this series. Mr. Jefferson's Autobiography reaches the Rip Van Winkle stage of his career, and tells the reader exactly what he wishes to know—how Mr. Jefferson came to play the character. Three striking engravings of Jefferson as "Rip" accompany the paper, which also contains a disquisition on guying by actors, with humorous incidents. Three timely articles are "The Latest Siberian Tragedy," by George Kennan, in which is given a new account of the outrage at Yakutsk; "Suggestions for the Next World's Fair," a practical and helpful paper, by Georges Berger, Director of the French Exposition; and "The Slave-Trade in the Congo Basin," by E. J. Glave, one of Stanley's pioneer officers, with text and pictures from life during Mr. Glave's residence of twenty months among the natives.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS TO ATTALA, ALABAMA.

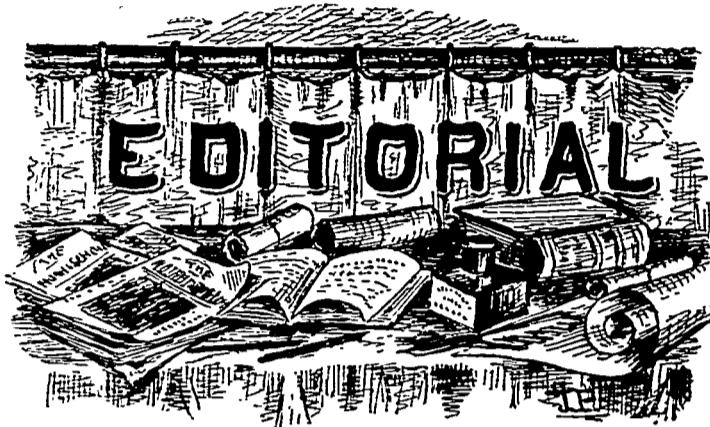
The Monon Route will, on April 26, 27, 28 and 29, sell tickets at reduced rates to Attala, Ala., and return, for the Great Land Sale, April 28, 29 and 30; tickets good until May 10, with privilege of stopping over at Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain returning. Don't miss the opportunity to visit the New South. Express trains daily to Cincinnati, connecting with the Queen & Crescent route. Attala is the Natural Eastern gateway of the great future iron manufacturing district of North Alabama, in the centre of the rich, soft, red and brown ore belt, with coal and limestone in easy reach, has four (4) railroads, fine water power, three (3) furnaces, car works, cotton compress, oil well and planing mills. But three years ago a village of four hundred, now a thriving city 2,000. The sale is under the auspices of the Attala Iron and Steel Company, and consists of choice manufacturing business and residence lots within the corporation limits of the city and adjoins the vast coal and iron fields.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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BY J. B. SULLIVAN, '91.



HIS NUMBER of our little paper was, to a great extent, prepared as a special Easter number. Owing to unavoidable delays, it could not be issued at the proper time and in the style originally intended. We hope, however, that our effort, such as it is, will be productive of pleasure to our readers.

—It now seems as if the hopes of establishing commercial relations with the South American republics will be realized. Our Government is prepared to make the proper concessions. The existing barriers restricting the exchange of commodities are a disadvantage to us, and should be removed. The future prosperity of American trade depends largely upon the happy establishment of commercial relations with the Spanish republics. The growth and importance of our industries demand wider and better markets. The sooner treaties of reciprocity are effected, the better for the interests of all concerned. We, as a manufacturing people, require the importation of raw material as cheaply as possible. South America can, and is willing to supply this demand; but we have not patronized her markets, because they have found it more to their interests to exchange with Great Britain in preference to us.

Treaties exempting their products from import duties would drive their trade into our channels, and we could purchase such raw materials as wood, ores and hides, much to our advantage. They manufacture but little, and necessity would

compel them to buy in our markets. It will be years before they shall rival us in the production of manufactured articles. Here is a great opportunity to enrich ourselves and yet benefit the people of the South. It would be folly to slight these advances.

—A feature of college training that deserves more attention than is usually paid to it is that of athletics. Mental drill is always subservient to healthy exercise. A person may write Ciceronian Latin, construe Greek at a glance, or be thoroughly conversant with the sciences; but unless he has built up, in the meantime, a strong, rugged constitution, his education has been a failure. The weak and puny appearance of our students will ever be a reproach to our vaunted intellectual progress. To neglect physical exercise is a crime against nature, and in youth doubly so. In after-life the pressure of business, or the calls of society, may seriously interfere with the exercise necessary for health. But when young, and especially at college, where we are expected to prepare for the battle of life, this physical training is oftentimes slighted. The world's conflicts are hard. Intellectual powers are a valuable aid; but nothing is, or can be, more important than strong physical qualities. The best means of developing this power and endurance is to give some attention to the sports. They are at once a source of profit and enjoyment. They impart health to the human frame; they furnish a diversion to the overworked mind; they make sturdy, vigorous and self-reliant men, and, in fact, are indispensable. Every step taken in the direction of physical culture will be rewarded and appreciated in after years. The book-worm may take the college prizes; but his sickly form and attenuated frame will find itself unequal to the task when strength, vigor and energy are needed to garner in life's golden harvest. Physical culture should receive more attention.

—One of our exchanges in a recent issue takes exception to our editorial upon the "World's Fair." We urged that it was not so much a fight between New York and Chicago as a struggle between the East and the West. In reference to this the editor says:

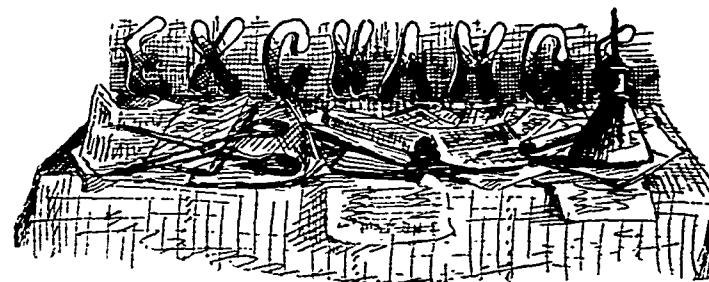
"The real contest, though seeming to be, was not a struggle between the East and the West. This had nothing to do with it. The stroke was purely a political one, and both parties freely admit it."

If it was a political measure, the great parties certainly worked with amazing harmony! While it is true, as our contemporary remarks, that

we did not hear the deliberations of the House, yet with the remarkable efficiency of the daily press it would not seem improbable that the people of the West should not be as well informed upon legislative matters as those who have an opportunity of witnessing the debates in Congress. It is certain that interest in those matters is not confined to the Washingtonians. Several months before the meeting of Congress the representative men of the West, without regard to party, met in St. Joseph, Mo., and there resolved that the Fair should, in all justice, be held in the West without, however, specifying in what city. Does that look like a partisan measure? If anything else was needed to convince the public that the World's Fair bill was a sectional rather than a political issue, the champions of the two cities, and an analysis of the vote upon the measure, would satisfy the most sceptical. Democrats, like Voorhees and Turpie, Lawler and Springer, old in the service and prominent in party councils, stood shoulder to shoulder with Farwell and Cullon, Taylor and Cannon in their advocacy of Chicago claims. When it came to a question of East and West, Platt and Flower, Hiscock and Belden could easily bury their political differences. If Eastern representatives voted for Chicago, it was because they felt that it was time the West should be recognized.

—It is essentially the duty of governments to protect the property and secure the rights of its citizens. Men in authority assume a grave responsibility when they permit the law to be wantonly and deliberately violated. For weeks past a strange spectacle has been presented. The columns of our daily press teem with graphic accounts of the actions of the female crusaders in Missouri. Officers of the peace have been intimidated. The most sacred rights of property have been trampled upon. These acts, divested of romance and expressed in vigorous English, are riotous and unlawful. Whether intoxicating liquors should be sold or no enters not into this affair. So long as the law-making power of the State recognizes the saloon by granting license, so long are the magistracy bound to protect it. This affair presents more than one dangerous aspect. It will be cited as a precedent. Shall a few monomaniacs be permitted to disturb the peace and defy the authority of a great State? We are charitable enough to suppose that it was the misguided zeal of the crusaders (?) rather than the intention to infringe upon the rights of their neighbors which

prompted their actions. Throughout their course has been, to say the least, peculiar. Two wrongs can never make a right. While posing as reformers, and declaring that they would banish "demon rum" from the land, they have appeared to be unmindful of the command: "Thou shalt not steal." In their frantic efforts to enforce morality by illegal means they have usurped the functions of law and become amenable to the courts of justice. The Western States with all their border ruffianism, can present no parallel with these outrages. Acts of this character will never promote the prosperity of Missouri. People will hesitate to settle there. Capitalists will be timid in investing their wealth. It rests with the authorities of Missouri to say whether the law shall be observed, property protected and rights secured.



BY H. P. BRELFSORD, '91.

—“Street Life in San Francisco” is the title of an interesting contribution to *The Penn Chronicle*.

—An instructive series of papers on “The College Man in Journalism” is running through recent numbers of the *De Pauw Adz*.

—The *O. A. C. Review*, from Guelph, Ont., is a new exchange. It presents an interesting table of contents dealing chiefly with agricultural matters.

—We would suggest that a little more variety in the literary matter of the *Dickinson Liberal* would add to the interest of that esteemed contemporary.

—In the current *Indiana Student* there is a pointed criticism of the plays of Henrik Ibsen, and a lengthy and somewhat heavy article on the present complication in the Lower House of Congress.

—*The Penman's Art Journal* for April is replete with good things. Unlike most technical publications, the *Journal* is full of interest for the general reader. Its editorials are pertinent, and, typographically, it is all that could be desired.

—A new departure in the *Sunbeam* for March is a composite story, written in collaboration by the members of the Junior class. The venture is a pronounced success, and should encourage

the fair editors to other and even more ambitious efforts of the same nature.

—*The Stonyhurst Magazine*, of Stonyhurst College, England, completes its third volume with the March number. It is an excellent magazine, and richly merits its evident prosperity. This reminds us that the item going the rounds of our exchanges to the effect that Oxford publishes the only college paper in England, is a mistake.

—A contribution to the March number of the *St. Mary's Sentinel* on "Journalism" is well worth careful reading. In closing, the writer assures aspiring amateurs that in order to attain success they must be enterprising, fearless, accurate and honorable, and adds: "One of the best fields for the young man who wishes to become a newspaper man to operate in is the field of college journalism."



—Strike "wu-un!"

—The Treasurer is all right, boys.

—White headgear only angels wear!

—Work on that building has been resumed.

—That Junior "inner circle" has vanished into oblivion.

—Notre Dame should enter the Indiana College League.

—Law '94 wants to know who charges the Jury at the "Tennis Court."

—Horace Greely has returned, greatly to the pleasure of his very numerous friends.

—Geo. Slim was initiated into the mysteries of the Boat Club last week. Geo. says "thanks!"

—Rev. John Guendling, Lafayette, Ind., was a welcome visitor to the College on Tuesday last.

—B. L. has a full stock of base-ball goods on hand. Come and look! Everything to please the eye of the crank.

—The Tennis Clubs now number four; but there is plenty of room for six more, or a dozen, if necessary. Wake up!

—The Juniors have eight regularly organized nines in their department, not including the invulnerable "Invincibles."

—Mr. Fitzgibbon's paper at the Philodemic entertainment was a fine effort both literary and oratorical. All praise is due to him.

—Very Rev. Father General Sorin, accompanied by Rev. J. A. Zahm, left on Thursday evening for Montreal, to visit the Houses of the Congregation in Canada.

—Spring-fever and base-ball politics shouldn't keep you from sending in your subscriptions. There is room for plenty more names on the roll-call.

—The St. Cecilians have given up the idea of holding a public entertainment; their regular annual banquet will take place towards the close of the session.

—Our artists—Messrs. J. Paradis, W. Morrison and F. Long—are entitled to great praise for the illustrations which they have contributed to this number of the SCHOLASTIC.

—The Junior Tennis Club is an assured thing. Weitzel, Healy and McPhillips are at the head of the scheme, so keep your weather eye in that direction. The more, the merrier!

—Bro. Gregory, C. S. C., has presented a beautiful statue of St. Aloysius to Holy Cross Seminary, for which favor the inmates thereof return him their most hearty thanks.

—By a mistake the names of the following young gentlemen were omitted from the commercial List of Excellence: 1st Orthography Messrs. B. Hesse, E. Crandall, J. Ward and Jos. Delany.

—The short poetic efforts of Mr. Fred E. Neef, '92, which have appeared from time to time in the SCHOLASTIC have attracted no little favorable attention. The Juniors are proud of their young genius.

—Quite an interesting game of ball was played last Sunday on the Seminary campus between the home team and the Manual Labor School. The former was victorious, the score being 8 to 7. The batteries were Crumley and Hand, Houlihan and Corbett.

—It was a queer complaint. "If Frank pulls stroke, we won't play," or words to that effect, does not sound just proper when it comes from such a dignified body as the Seniors. Brace up, boys, Sorin Hall will not hurt you—at least not before the race.

—Companies "B" and "C," H. L. G., are again in an exceedingly flourishing condition. Much interest is manifested in the semi-weekly drills, and they promise fully to maintain, if not to excel, the past records of "B" and "C." They have the timber!

—Mr. J. M. Studebaker, South Bend, has sent Prof. Edwards a large specimen block of the gigantic red-wood trees of California. The specimen is artistically cut and highly polished, displaying all the grains of the wood, and making a very interesting and valuable curiosity.

—The anti-specials, with the special battery, defeated the champions on the 13th. It was a fair game, and the spectators were numerous. Reynolds played a great game for the "antis." The infield of the Specials has been greatly strengthened by Hayes on short stop. The outfield could be improved, though.

—Last Thursday, the H. L. G. Cos., "A," "B," "C," and Sorin Cadets were entertained by the

chaplain, Rev. M. J. Regan, C. S. C. At four the soldiers sat down to a fine spread, and after enjoying themselves to the fullest extent, proceeded to entertain the College by giving a full dress parade. The companies return thanks to Father Regan for his kindness.

—Last Monday afternoon the Juniors played an interesting game with the "Atlantics." The game was hotly contested, and, considering that the season has not yet fairly opened, was not a bad one.

SCORE BY INNINGS:—
JUNIORS:—
ATLANTICS:—

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
0	4	2	0	3	0	9	0	=11
0	0	0	1	4	0	4	0	=10

—It is rather an antiquated and thread-bare subject, we must confess, but really we ought to have a college cheer. Now that our 'Varsity team promises to astonish the natives this season, and as we will, no doubt, entertain numerous visiting clubs, it would be well if some charitable individual would invent a creditable yell. Let the "Vigilance Committee" bestir themselves.

—The second spring meeting of the Senior Base-ball Association was held last Thursday evening, April 17, Bro. Paul presiding. Bro. Marcellinus was unanimously elected manager of the 'Varsity team. Messrs. E. Brannick and H. Steiger were elected captains of the second nines. The choice of captains is an admirable one, and there is every prospect of having two good second nines.

—Among the visitors during the week were: T. Washburn, Mrs. N. B. Wever, Mr. and Mrs. Fred. W. Wolf, Chas. E. Farce, E. Ezekiel, M. Cudahy, P. Cavanagh, Chicago; J. B. Bennett, of Muskegon, Mich.; David Ebi, of Vistula, Ind.; D. F. Barclay, E. S. Labin, of Elgin, Ill.; J. J. McGinity, Colorado, Col.; Charles Spalding, Dawagiac, Mich.; J. B. Metzger, of Granger, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. A. Griggs, of Grand Forks, North Dakota; N. Martin, of Nashville, Tenn.

—The new buildings for the use of the Manual Labor School, now in process of construction, are to be of brick, 200 x 40 feet. Better facilities than ever before will hereafter be enjoyed by those desiring to learn tailoring, blacksmithing, shoemaking, carpenter work, mason work, steam and gas pipe fitting and printing. The recreation grounds in connection with the school are large and in a fine condition. It is intended to replace, by a substantial brick structure, the old building now used as a residence by the students of the school.

—According to the directions of the late P. V. Hickey, Editor of the *Catholic Review*, a lot of bound volumes of the *Boston Pilot*, *New York Tablet*, *Baltimore Mirror*, *Metropolitan Record* and other papers have been presented to the historical collections connected with the Bishops' Memorial Hall. A portrait of Mr. Hickey will be placed in each of the volumes, with a suitable inscription to perpetuate his memory. During his life-time he was a great benefactor of the

Memorial Hall and took advantage of every opportunity of contributing to its success.

—BOAT CLUB:—Commodore Flynn can borrow tobacco as well as any of his predecessors in that office.—Slim tried the boats last Tuesday, and says they are very good. He is an excellent oarsman, but does not relish training and cold water.—The yard crowd do not look with favor on the new scheme of representative crews from the Hall and the Yard.—It is probable that Campbell will row.—Mr. Bronson has the papers this year, and is growing more popular than ever.—Mr. McKeon will build a sailing craft soon.—The "Gov" says the oracles predict good races at Commencement.

—A game was played between the Sorin Hall nine and the Senior nine April 7th, but by some mistake was not reported. Messrs. Cooke and Jewett played the points for the Hall, and Messrs. Long and C. Flynn for the yard. The game was one of the finest played here in many years, and the enthusiasm displayed by the 500 boys was exhibited in the continual cheers and class yells. The game ended in the 10th inning with a score of 6 to 5 in favor of the yard. Messrs. Bronson, Cooney, Fitzgibbons, Long and Flynn did the best playing for the yard, and Messrs. Cooke, Reynolds and Fehr for the Hall.

—Prof. Gregori has completed the paintings of Father Diego Deza, the Dominican defender of Columbus, at the Council of Salamanca, and Luiz di Santangelo, the Royal Treasurer of the kingdom of Aragon. The picture of Father Deza represents him in the act of addressing the Council in favor of the great discoverer. Santangelo, when Queen Isabella proposed to pawn her jewels, offered money from the treasury to defray the expenses of the expedition to the New World—the picture represents him in the full court costume of the period. These two paintings form a fitting addition to the magnificent gallery representing scenes from the life of Christopher Columbus. It may be well said that while all are now talking of monuments to the memory of Columbus and Isabella, Notre Dame has been the first to establish what may be styled the most glorious monument in the world—in the immortal and instructive paintings which adorn the walls of the University.

—The seventeenth regular meeting of the Law Debating Society was held Wednesday evening, April 16, President Col. Wm. Hoynes in the chair. After the roll-call, Secretary Vurpillat read the minutes of the previous meeting which were adopted. The critic, Mr. Herman, then read a well prepared criticism on the last debate. The debate, "Resolved, that the right of suffrage should be extended to women," was then argued by Messrs. Flynn and McConlogue on the affirmative, and Messrs. Dougherty and McWilliams on the negative. The speakers all did remarkably well, their remarks showing that attention and investigation had

been given to the subject. The chair decided in favor of the affirmative. At the close of the debate the president made some remarks on the subject, giving a number of interesting historical facts in regard to the heroism displayed by women in ancient as well as modern times.

—An excellent literary and musical entertainment was given by members of the St. Aloysius' Philodemic Association last Saturday evening. The following is the

PROGRAMME:

Vocal Selection—"Breezes of the Night".....Quartette
Messrs. Lahey, McPhee, Schaack and Jewett.
Opening Address.....Louis Chute
Oration—"The Great Emancipator".....Ross Bronson
Poem—"Yearnings of the Soul".....J. W. Meagher
Oration—"Two Civilizations".....Geo. Cooke
The Mariners (Trio)....Mssrs. Tivnen, Lahey, McPhee
Oration—"The Crusades".....J. J. McGrath
Oration—"Thomas Jefferson".....J. Fitzgibbon
Vocal Selection—"The Minstrel Boy".....Quartette
Scene from "Henry IV," with the following
Dramatis Personæ:
Henry.....N. J. Sinnott
Hotspur.....Fred Chute
Northumberland.....Porter Fleming
Grand March for Retiring.....N. D. U. C. B

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Allen, Berry, Bovett, Burns, Barrett, H. Brannick, Benz, Burger, Brenan, Combe, Cassin, Cassidy, Campbell, G. Cooke, C. Cavanagh, L. Chute, F. Chute, J. Cavanagh, Dillon, Dorsey, Dennis, Dver, Jas. Dougherty, C. Flynn, F. Flynn, Ford, Fehr, J. Flynn, P. Fleming, E. Fleming, Fitzgibbon, Garfias, Galen, Gibbons, Gough, Houlihan, Herman, Heard, Hackett, B. Hughes, E. Hughes, Hummer, Hempler, Hoover, Hayes, Higbie, J. A. Johnson, Karasynski, Kearns, Jno. King, J. Kelly, Kohlman, Kunart, Keys, Lesner, Langan, Lair, Lancaster, W. Larkin, Lane, Lynch, F. Long, L. Long, Latson, McAuliff, McKee, McAlister, McDonnell, McConlogue, Mackey, Morrison, J. McGrath, F. Murphy, McCartney, H. O'Neill, O'Brien, O'Shea, Parker, Powers, Paradis, Pyplacz, H. Prichard, F. Prichard, Paquette, Prudhomme, Paris, Rose, Rothert, Roberts, Reedy, L. Sanford, N. Sinnott, Steiger, Schaack, J. Sullivan, Soden, Scherrer, D. Sullivan, Standard, Stanton, Talbot, V. Vurpillat, F. Vurpillat, Wright.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Anson, Adler, E. Bates, B. Bates, J. Brady, T. M. Brady, T. T. Brady, W. Brady, Bradley, Barger, Barclay, Crandall, Conroy, Cudahy, Collins, Collman, Coe, O. DuBrul, Delany, Doig, Dempsey, Drumm, DeLormier, Elder, J. Fitzgerald, C. Fitzgerald, A. W. Funke, A. M. Funke, Fleming, Field, Gibert, Garrison, Girsch, Gross, Galen, Grund, Howard, Hambaugh, Hack, Hesse, Hahn, R. Healy, P. Healy, Halthusen, Heller, Higbie, Ibold, Kearney, V. Kehoe, Kutsche, Leonard, Lenard, Lamme, Löwenstein, Murphy, Maurus, Maher, D. Monarch, Merz, Mitchell, Mier, McCartney, Jos. McPhilips, A. McPhillips, F. McDonnell, McNally, McIvers, F. Neef, Neenan, A. Neef, O'Brien, O'Rourke, Otis, O'Mara, O'Neill, Putnam, Palmer, Priestly, Pomeroy, Prichard, Quinlan, Quill, Roper, F. Schillo, Scott, Seerey, Sokup, Scherrer, Sutter, Spalding, Stapleton, Smith, Treff, Tivnen, Welch, Weston, Weitzel, Weise, Ward, Wolff, Wertheimer, White, Zinn.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adler, Ayres, Ball, F. Brown, O. Brown, Blake, Burns, Barbour, Beirs, Bixby, Cornell, Crandall, W. Connor, C. Connor, Covert, W. Crawford, A. Crawford, A. Coquillard, Crane, Coone, Croke, Durand, Elkin, Eckler, W. Finnerty, T. Finnerty, Frankel, Falvey, Fuller, W. Furthman, C. Furthman, E. Furthman, Funke, Flynn,

Girardin, Greene, Gilbert, D. Gilkison, A. Gilkison, Grant, J. Griggs, C. Griggs, Girsch, Hill, Henneberry, Hoffman, Hamilton, Hendry, Holbrook, Jonquet, Krollman, King, Keeler, Kuehl, Kern, Lonergan, Londoner, Lonnberry, H. Lamberton, Levi, Loonie, Loomis, Montague, Mernes, Marr, Mattas, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, Myers, McGuire, McPhee, McPhillips, Mosier, Marre, W. Nichols, C. Nichols, O'Neill, Oatman, Klaner, Priestly, L. Paul, C. Paul, C. Packard, J. Packard, Roberts, Ronning, Ryan, Stone, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Stephens, Swan, Thornton, Trujillo, Vorhang, Vandercook, Washburne, Wilcox, Wever, Walsh, Weber, Wilson, C. Zoehrlaut, Zeigler, G. Zoehrlaut.

Class Honors.

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Messrs. Paquette, Berry, Adelsperger, O'Neill, Fitzgibbons, Herman, Cassin, Paradis, King, Sinnott, F. Vurpillat, A. Larkin, W. Larkin, O'Shea, O'Brien, Hummer, McWilliams, Reynolds, W. McPhee, Mackey, Garfias, Hagerty, Lane, McKeon, F. Chute, Brelsford, McKee, Jewett, Hackett, Pim, Morrison, F. Kelly, C. Cavanagh, Barrett, Ahlrichs, Burger, J. Burns, Blackman, Rothert, Brannick, Long, Clayton, Meehan, B. Tivnen, Hepburn, Leonard, L. Scherrer, McConlogue, Hempler, Dougherty, Quinlan, F. Feef, Maurus, Keough, Wile, Boyd, Weitzel, C. Scherrer, Gough, C. Fitzgerald, Ibold, P. Murphy, J. Fitzgerald, J. Brady.

List of Excellence.

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Moral Philosophy—S. Hummer; *Logic*—C. Paquette; *Latin*—Messrs. W. Larkin, C. Cavanagh, Just, Houlihan, N. Sinnott, Corbett, Doherty, Hand, Maguire, Crumley, Wile, Clark, Ahlrichs; *Greek*—Messrs. Adelsperger, W. Larkin, Barrett, Hand, Du Brul, Clayton, N. Sinnott, J. Just, Crumley, J. King, Clark, Quinlan, Hennesy, J. Fitzgerald, Lauth, Hempler, Curry; *Astronomy*—Messrs. W. Larkin; *Mechanics*—Messrs. Brannick, McPhee, C. Paquette, L. Scherrer; *Civil Engineering*—Messrs. Brannick, Garfias, H. Jewett, A. Larkin, Mackey, Reynolds; *Calculus*—Messrs. E. Hughes, Hoover, F. Prichard; *Surveying*—Messrs. P. Murphy, F. Neef; *Trigonometry*—S. Hummer; *Geometry*—Messrs. Hummer, Hennesy, J. McGrath, L. Sanford, Keough, O. Sullivan, F. Vurpillat, Clayton, Kunert, Doherty; *Algebra*—Messrs. G. Cooke, Hummer, Wile, E. Du Brul; *Literary Criticism*—C. Cavanagh; *Rhetoric*—Messrs. L. Davis, R. Healy, Brookfield, Ford, Hayes, Curry, O. Sullivan, McKee, Lahey, J. Fitzgerald, Quinlan, Hennesy, Spalding, Reedy, Hempler, J. King, Hepburn, McAuliff; *Composition*—Messrs. Heard, Keough, Quinn, *English History*—Messrs. Ahlrichs, J. Fitzgibbons, A. Flynn, P. Murphy, W. O'Brien, Weitzel, Clayton, E. Du Brul; *Modern History*—Messrs. Ahlrichs, C. Fitzgerald, J. Fitzgerald, Fitzgibbons, A. Flynn, N. Sinnott; *Ancient History*—Messrs. A. Flynn, Ford, Gallagher, Keough, H. O'Neill; *Botany*—Messrs. Burger, P. Murphy; *Zoölogy*—A. Ahlrichs; *Geology*—L. Scherrer.

SPECIAL COURSES.

Vocal Music—Messrs. Morrison, Mock, Lahey, Blackman, B. Bates, Schaack, A. McPhilips, F. Long, Sutter; *Instrumental Music*—Messrs. Lynch, Moncada, McIvers, Grund, P. Fleming, F. Murphy, F. Neef, R. Lenard, J. Dempsey, Dyer, Nester, L. Chute, Burger, McAlister; *Telegraphy*—J. Bradley; *Type-Writing*—B. Bates; *Photography*—Messrs. Brelsford, C. Cavanagh, Knoblauch, E. Fleming, F. Murphy, Karasynski, Roper, Pim; *Figure Drawing*—Messrs. Paradis, F. Long, Morrison, W. Connor; *Free Hand Drawing*—Messrs. Weitzel, Blackman; *Mechanical Drawing*—Messrs. J. Delany, C. Kunert; *Linear Drawing*—Messrs. Rothert, Dacey, Otis, L. Long; *Architectural Drawing*—Messrs. E. Jewett, Cunningham, Carroll, Schillo, Davis; *French*—Messrs. F. Neef, Bronson, Loonie; *German*—Messrs. Wolff, J. Cooke, Dillon, Stapleton, Bos, Weitzel, Hahn, Maurus, Fehr, Mattes, J. Finnerty, Zoerlaut, Quinlan, McKeon, Dinkel.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The members of the French classes wish to offer thanks to Rev. Father L'Etourneau for favors received.

—The Misses Balch and N. Davis were the leaders of a very interesting competition in theoretical music held on Saturday last.

—Miss M. Clifford, Miss Emma Wright, A. Gordon, N. and A. Lloyd and L. Nelson, esteemed former pupils, were welcome visitors at St. Mary's last week.

—At the Sunday evening meeting, which was presided by Very Rev. Father General, Miss M. Hurff recited "Scotland's Maiden Martyr," and S. Meskill read "The King in the Ulster-Coat."

—On Thursday last Rev. Father Zahm delivered a lecture on Egypt, and illustrated his remarks with fine stereoscopic views of the most important cities, ruins, and monuments that make Egypt so interesting to the student of history.

—At the regular Monday morning instruction to the Children of Mary, Very Rev. Father General exhorted all to make special efforts to improve in the science of the saints, as well as in their regular class studies, and to remember that "the end crowns the work."

—The beautiful spring weather is exerting its influence; besides the poetical effusions due to the season, all sorts of plans are formulated. Sketching parties, botanizing walks, health movements, veil reforms, etc., are heard discussed on all sides, and the ordinary symptoms of "spring fever" have not yet made an appearance.

—The Misses Currier and Van Mourick, assisted by their classmates, the First Seniors, held a reception last Tuesday evening in honor of the Third Seniors. The time passed very pleasantly in useful and entertaining conversation, interspersed with instrumental and vocal music by the Misses M. McPhee, Dolan and English.

—The number of monthly certificates given for mending speaks well for the Wednesday morning classes in plain sewing. While fancy-work is not neglected, as a visit to that department amply testifies, more than ordinary attention is paid to that homely branch, which includes darning and patching, which cannot, as yet, be well done by machinery.

—The members of St. Agnes' Literary Society spent their last meeting hour with Tennyson. Miss L. Burdick gave a condensed account of his literary career, and Miss Mabel Clifford entertained all with a glimpse into the Poet-laureate's home life. The Misses Levy and E. Burns read selections from his works, and all answered to the roll-call with a quotation from the writings of Tennyson.

The Language of the Soul.

" Music, oh! how faint, how sweet!
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should Feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Filled with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in Music's breath."

Music may truly be called the language of the soul; for what is there that can move our innermost being more than the sweet sounds we all love, veritably the voice of God!

Nature through all her depths is full of music; thousands of invisible harps pour their united melody through the air; millions of archangels touch their heaven-strung lyres and send celestial harmony through the vast halls of the temple of the living God, up to the throne of the dread Eternal One.

There is music in the stirring leaves of the starlit grove, in the stillness of the twilight hour, in the voices of the balmy breeze as it sighs, in the calm bosom of reposing waters, in the ripples of the mountain stream, and the majestic voice of the storm-stirred deep. Earth, sea and air are full of these inarticulate voices; sound floats upward from populous cities to cloudland, and thunder rolls down in sonorous reply. Alone by the sea we may listen to distinct and different music each time the swelling wavelet breaks crisply at our feet. The unbounded universe is one sleepless lyre whose chords of love, hope, purity and peace are fanned into a dreamy and mystic melody by the breath of the invisible God.

Since the earliest stages of antiquity, music has exerted its wonderful charm over the human heart; according to the Old Testament, it was cultivated by the earliest inhabitants of the earth. Joseph, and, later on, Moses and his sister, Miriam, were well versed in the customs of the Egyptians, and this included the use of the lyre and other musical instruments—rude sculptured forms of which may be seen in Egyptian temples to this day. The harp, the psaltery, the cornet, the lute, the tabret, the cymbal and "everything that has breath," were used in carrying out the divine injunction: "Praise ye the Lord!"

In the days when Rome was in her glory, soldiers marched through her beautiful streets to the strains of martial music; mothers and widows wept over their dead, while sad and heavenly music soothed their wounded hearts. When Cleopatra sailed down the Nile, the dipping of the oar was accompanied by strains of

sweet music which charmed and soothed even the ambitious soul of the "Serpent of the Nile."

It is very noticeable, as bearing upon the life of a nation, that whatever the spirit which pervades its music happens to be, whether that spirit be majestic as in Italy, or frivolous, graceful, noisy and at times blustering as in France, the music of patriotism is invariably earnest and dignified. In the "Marseillaise" there is an almost sombre sovereignty; the men who are stirred by its martial grandeur are not playing at war, nor are they children, but they trudge on foot-sore and weary, knowing all the horror and pain that is in store for them, but still willing to conquer or to die. To our own national anthem I need not allude; we all know the noble fight our men made for our

"Sweet land of liberty."

How easily recognized are the foundations of the other arts! A picture by Titian, even a conjuring trick by Hermann, can be accounted for and justified in a few words; but when we come to a symphony by Beethoven, philosophy is dumb, leaving untouched the great art problem of music. Like the sound of bells at night breaking the silence only to lead the spirit into deeper peace; like a summer cloud, rising to hang as a golden veil before the sun; like the dull, deep pain of one who sits alone, watching the shadows of the firelight full of memories; like sudden songs from the open gates of Paradise, so is music.

"When through life unblest we rove,
Losing all that made life dear,
Should some song we used to love
In days of childhood meet our ear,
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain,
Wakening thoughts that long have slept,
Kindling former smiles again,
In faded eyes that long have wept!"

LYNN CURTIS.

Roll of Honor.

[For politeness, neatness, order, amiability, correct deportment and observance of rules.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Ahlrichs, Bernhart, Bogner, Bovett, Cunningham, Crilly, Churchill, M. Cochrane, C. Dempsey, Deutsch, E. Dennison, Dorsey, Dolan, Donahue, De Montcourt, Fosdick, Gordon, Healey, I. Horner, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, H. Hanson, Holt, Hagus, Harmes, Hale, Hutchinson, Haight, Hughes, Kimmell, Koopmann, Lauth, F. Moore, Maher, McCarthy, Marley, M. Moore, Nickel, Norris, Nacy, M. Otis, Patier, Piper, A. Ryan, Rinn, Spurgeon, Studebaker, Schiltz, Schaefer, M. Schermerhorn, N. Schermerhorn, Thirds, R. Van Mourick, M. Violette.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Burns, Black, Clifford, Culp, Carlin, Dreyer, M. Davis, Ernest, Evoy, Girsch, Hickey, Holmes, C. Kasper, L. Kasper, Mabbs, McGuire, L. Mestling, O'Mara, Patrick, Palmer, Phlion, Quealy, E. Regan, Ruger, Rob-

bins, Shirey, M. Scherrer, M. Smyth, J. Smyth, Sweeney, A. Tormey, E. Wagner, Waldron, M. Wagner, Wood, Wright, N. Wurzburg, Young.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses L. Adelsperger, Coady, Crandall, A. E. Dennison, Eldred, M. Egan, Girsch, M. Hamilton, K. Hamilton, A. McCarthy, L. McHugh, M. McHugh, Porteous, S. Smyth, N. Smyth.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

ADVANCED COURSE—Miss L. Curtis.

GRADUATING CLASS, 1ST COURSE—Miss E. Flannery.

UNDER-GRADUATING CLASS—Miss O. O'Brien.

2D CLASS—Misses D. Deutsch, M. McFarland.

2D DIV.—Misses M. Davis, C. Hurley, L. Nickel.

3D CLASS—Misses J. Currier, E. Healy, N. Morse, M. Piper, I. Stapleton, A. Tormey, M. Tormey.

2D DIV.—Misses L. Dolan, M. Jungblut, M. McPhee, E. Quealy.

4TH CLASS—Misses A. Ansbach, J. English, M. Hull, E. Nester, A. Regan.

2D DIV.—Misses M. Bates, T. Balch, E. Dempsey, M. Fitzpatrick, A. Gordon, E. Hale, E. Lewis, M. McHugh, M. Otis, A. Penburthy, A. Ryan, M. Smyth, N. Wurzburg.

5TH CLASS—Misses D. Davis, G. Rentfrow, M. Reinhart, A. Thirds, L. Young.

2D DIV.—Misses A. Adelsperger, R. Bero, E. Burns, M. Churchill, L. Dreyer, C. Ernest, M. Fosdick, M. Kelso, T. Kimmell, F. Marley, K. Ryan, G. Roberts, K. Sweeney.

6TH CLASS—Misses C. Beck, M. Coll, Mabel Davis, E. Davis, E. Dennison, H. Hanson, A. Hammond, S. Hamilton, M. Harmes, H. Hutchinson, E. Kasper, M. McCune, L. McHugh, A. O'Mara, M. Patier, H. Pugsley, J. Patrick, E. Regan, L. Reeves, D. Spurgeon.

2D DIV.—Misses F. Ahlrichs, K. Barry, S. Bernhart, L. Bovett, M. Burns, F. Burdick, M. Byrnes, A. Cooper, I. Cooke, B. Davis, M. Donahue, I. De Montcourt, E. Evoy, M. Hagus, Holt, S. Levy, K. McCarthy, Margaret McHugh, Moore, K. Reilly, E. Schaefer, F. Soper, B. Wright.

7TH CLASS—Misses L. Black, R. Butler, M. Cochrane, M. Cooper, L. Ganong, G. Green, A. Hemelspeck, A. Lynch, F. Murison, S. McPhee, N. McGuire, L. Norris, A. O'Brien, F. Palmer, E. Phlion, M. Rinn, M. Rose, C. Ruger, A. Schrock, N. Schermerhorn, M. Wagner, E. Wagner, K. Wood.

2D DIV.—Misses L. Ernest, E. Meskill, G. Shirey, N. Smyth, J. Smyth, I. Waldron.

8TH CLASS—Misses M. Culp, M. Hickey, L. Holmes, K. Hamilton, C. Kasper.

9TH CLASS—Misses G. Crandall, M. Hamilton, L. Mestling.

10TH CLASS—Misses M. Carlin, H. Eldred.

HARP.

2D CLASS, 2D DIV.—Miss E. Nester.

5TH CLASS—Miss M. McPhee.

ORGAN.

4TH CLASS—Miss E. Healy.

7TH CLASS—Misses M. Maher, M. Schermerhorn.

VIOLIN.

Misses M. Smith, L. Reeves, A. Hanson.

GUITAR.

Misses Schiltz, M. Hughes, M. Clifford.

MANDOLIN.

Misses Mullaney, D. Deutsch, S. Smyth, A. Ansbach.

VOCAL DEPARTMENT.

1ST CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses B. Hellman, C. Dempsey.

2D CLASS—Misses N. Hale, I. Horner.

2D CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses F. Marley, T. Balch, O. O'Brien, J. English.

3D CLASS—Misses L. Dolan, M. Fitzpatrick, M. Schiltz.

3D CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses G. Rentfrow, M. Otis.

4TH CLASS—Misses M. Hughes, M. McFarland, C. Haight, H. Hutchinson, M. Schermerhorn, S. Dempsey, R. Van Mourick, I. De Montcourt, M. Davis, F. Soper, J. Holt, M. Rinehart, C. Beck.

5TH CLASS—Misses M. McPhee, S. Levy, M. Harmes, M. Burns, M. Bernhart, M. Smith, M. Cochrane, L. Nickel.